

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "High Speed"

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

High speed

For all my niggas livin' in the rush  
Slow it down just a notch baby  
It's goin' be alright, it's goin' be alright

*[2Pac (E.D.I. Amin):]*

Life at high speed, life at high speed  
Fuck the punishment, Thai weed  
(Buy me a gun), liquor and puffin' Thai weed

*[2Pac:]*

I live life High Speed  
Slightly disillusioned by weed  
I breed thug muthafuckas even worse than me  
When I bleed, my enemies best to flee quickly  
Harm me, my army  
Niggas decease swiftly  
Look at you now, why you wanna act out?  
I pull the hammer back  
Strike wit' a cannon that'll blow yo muthafuckin' back out  
They blast but I'm still standin'  
Slightly scarred  
Deep questions for the lord "Why he don't like me, god?"  
So, though my life was hard with no remorse  
I absorb all lessons, provide protection for the boss  
Rollin' in my double R, rugged and ruthless  
Keep a vest through these hard times, knowin' it's useless  
And my crew, we crooked, be mistaken for Jewels  
We all about our cash, blast if you break the rules  
Fools turned snitch for the D.A., be heaven-sent  
Switched like a stone-bitch, turned state's evidence, why?  
Then they wonder why niggas die  
Put your family in danger, just to get high  
Now, what the hell can we get from jail?  
More tricks for the crime trade, this is hell  
Bail out, a thug nigga fresh out the jailhouse  
Open your safe count and take all the mail out  
Whatever happens happens  
Whoever falls dies  
We fresh out of time, livin' blind, so we all ride  
In times like these, chronic or Thai weed  
Puffin' through this high speed  
And people say...

*[2Pac:]*

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects

We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night

*[Yaki Kadafi:]*

Verbal assassin, I hit the corner fast, blastin'  
Hot plastic stretch your chest plate back like elastic  
No need to push me to split ya  
I love beef, like pussy and pistols  
For all you pussies that's softer than tissue  
I ride by like the fall guy out the roof  
Bustin' at you wise guy, gettin' high, sippin' hundred proof (yeah)  
Give me the joints low to verdict wit' mine  
Get that ass attacked, murdered, and robbed, blind from behind  
Rapid shots pourin'  
Catchin' niggas while they snorin'  
Kickin' his door in  
I'll leave your whole fuckin' family in mournin'  
Bust me, you itchy-bitchy types can't touch me  
Frontin' like you're hard  
I'll play your fuckin' yard like a trussel

*[2Pac:]*

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I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
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We goin' all night

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

At times, I look through times wit' so much anger  
Wonderin' why it keeps on passin', pushin' me into danger  
No stranger to hard times or the good ones  
At times I'm amazed  
At what the motherfuckin' hoods done  
What we do to get paid  
All day, for the almighty, dollar  
Don't even bother to holla  
We all destined to be swallowed  
By the same thing we lust for  
Threw away our morals and values and dust more  
Niggas is dying tomorrow  
We, bailing on borrowed times  
Nigga the clocks tickin'  
Approachin' is the day you gonna need money or Glocks spittin'  
Cops sittin', politicians passin' laws you ain't know what  
Soon that money gon' be illegal when you die to  
Keep your dough up

But I ain't goin' tell you "what?" to stop chasin' paper  
Man, I'm just like y'all, I worry 'bout that shit later  
Put the metal to the pedal, slash up nigga, blaze  
Let's get blown out high speed 'til the end of my days  
Now my people say

[2Pac:]

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I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
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Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night

[2Pac:]

High speeds (we goin' all night)  
Life of an Outlaw, ghetto stars (we goin' all night)  
(Yes) I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
For my niggas on the West Side and the East Side  
And the NorthSide and the SouthSide  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
From Compton to Jersey  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
Gettin' it real hard  
Niggas in Michigan, (M.O.B nigga, M.O.B)  
From Atlanta, Georgia to Utah  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
From St. Louis to Alabama  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
From Mississippi to Oakland, from San Francisco to San Diego  
Seattle to Florida  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
Maine to Mass, haha  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

Food and sex  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
High speeds  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
Outlawz with that rough shit, baby!

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*  
Learn about it  
Pac you goin' rap?

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to chris2188 for correcting these lyrics.

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